THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 8.)

LETTER XXIX.

My dear E——,

THE long wished-for revolution was now established, a new order was to commence, and those days of virtue and happiness, which have never perhaps existed but in the fancy of poets, were to roll on in never-ceasing succession. The popular party however, or what shall I call them, the jacobin, mountaineer, or if you please, the diabolical faction, were afflicted at the return of anything which resembled government. They had proceeded to every sort of outrage and even to murder during the year of the temporary administration, and felt oppressed at the idea of submitting even to those laws which had been made to suit their wishes, and which were administered by men after their own hearts.

There arrived about this period from Paris, a Genevan, who though born of reputable parents, and well educated, and marked as yet by no disgraceful conduct, had catched from Robespierre the flame of democratick fury against everything that is respectable in society. It was no difficult matter for such a person to work upon the passions and prejudices of a set of wretches, already prepared for evil, to procure their concurrence in asserting, that there was a conspiracy of aristocrats ready to declare itself, and that the liberty of the people required prompt, vigorous and severe measures; unfortunately too they felt strong in the concurrence of opinion and in the promised support of the French minister, and knew that a body of troops would be marched to their

assistance at the first word: it was on the night of the eighteenth of July, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, that the attack was made; almost all the most respectable or opulent persons of the city, to the number of five or six hundred were torn from their families and confined in gaol; the next morning there appeared a proclamation, declaring the nation in insurrection, and investing with full powers a committee of seven persons—the first act of whose administration, was to erect a revolutionary tribunal for the trial of traitors; it was now no difficult matter for every one who had an offence to avenge, or a benefactor whom he was tired of seeing to get rid of, or a debt to pay, or who had felt humbled at the ease and opulence, and even the domestick happiness of a neighbour, to swell the list of the proscribed with such names as he thought proper to propose, and that time might be given for the exercise of all this petty vengeance, the citizens in insurrection were declared to be in the pay of the state, and a provision for their families was to be made from the funds of the proscribed: the members of the constitutional government meanwhile either timidly withdrew from the scene, or complained of violence, whilst they secretly encouraged these outrageous proceedings, and the minister of France who had been waited upon by a formal deputation, congratulated his brethren on the glorious effort by which they had re-assumed their natural rights, and while he regretted that the hand of justice had been so long delayed, he assured them of the approbation of France, and promised them as far as it might be necessary, the assistance and concurrence of the great nation.

Figure to yourself now, my dear ———, a band of wretches seated on the bench of justice, in all the studied squalidness of jacobinism, amid bottles and glasses and pipes and pistols and drawn sabres, passing sentence upon their unhappy countrymen, beneath the shelter of that very roof, where the magistrates of the nation had frequently presided at those feasts, which for a time gave all Geneva the air of a numerous, a united and joyous family. Conceive how bitter the change must have been to the victims, and to the spectator, who was not lost to all human sensibility: Conceive what must have been the feelings of the wives and children of those in danger! As no shadow of proof could be found in confirmation of the general charge of conspiracy against the state, new allegations were made against the prisoners; some had been always known to be aristocrats, their very charity had proceeded from a desire of improper influence; others were known to have invoked the mediation in eighty-two, or to have prevented the friendly entry of the French in ninety-two: one promising young man fell a victim to what it was supposed he would be if suffered to live, and every subterfuge was made use of to evade the well-known wish of a great majority of the people in favour of particular individuals, whom this tribunal of blood had determined to destroy. It does not appear that Robespierre had been ever desirous of annexing Geneva to the French republick; he thought France too extensive or at least too populous already, and provided the people tormented and destroyed each other, he was satisfied, while his worthy representative Soulavie, kept himself employed in a way that he best understood:

he was always caballing with and encouraging the insurgents, and for his amusement he burnt upon one occasion the prayer books and bibles of the Ambassadour's Chappel, in the court yard of his hotel, and threw the crucifix out of the window; of the persons arrested a certain number were heavily fined and imprisoned; several were banished, and eleven were executed—of these last, two were of my acquaintance when I lived formerly in Geneva, the first of them, Prevost, had filled more than one important office with credit, had been always attached to the popular side in the civil dissensions of his country, until the dangerous tendency of their measures became apparent, and had particularly distinguished himself in the treaty with general Montesquieu. His conduct was calm and dignified before the tribunal and in prison; he was prepared to meet his fate, and on his way to the place of execution, he found means to throw a paper into the crowd, with an invocation, that the person into whose hands it fell, would deliver it to his widow; a copy of this interesting paper is now before me, and I will endeavour to give you a translation of it, which shall be as literal as the idiom of the two languages will permit of; it will remind you a little of Anne Bolyn's last letter to Henry VIII, inasmuch as there is expressed in both, a natural attachment to life, a submission to the decrees of Providence, and all the conscious pride of injured innocence.

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LETTER XXX.

Prevost's Letter.—"It is but too probable, that I shall never again see my wife, my mother, or my children! Heaven knows what I suffer at the cruel separation! No one had ever more reason to be attached to life than I had. These dear objects of my affection will remain impressed on my heart to the last moment of my existence. To my wife, my most tender, my best of friends, I return thanks for the happiness she has blest me with. I leave her miserable, but not without means of consolation, for she will reflect that her husband died honourably; and that his conduct has been such, as will secure to his memory the esteem of all men, when the present unhappy delusion shall have passed away. He has defended himself with firmness, and is not conscious of having deviated from propriety in the course of his defence. Dearest mother, if I have been at any time a source of satisfaction to you, how many sorrows am I not unfortunately the cause of? You will weep for me, and some dear friends will join their grief to yours, but, let there be a term to sorrow, and let it be your pride, my mother, that my road through life has been a course of honourable pursuits; judge of the efforts I am obliged to make to buoy myself up above those feelings, which would deprive me of the resolution I have occasion for, of the resolution which my honour requires, and which I hope to preserve to the last moment: what I have said is but a small part of what is labouring at my heart. My dear son, let not the example of my fate deter you from that frank and candid manner which has led to my destruction, but beware of all connexion with publick affairs. You have an important trust to fill; upon you devolves a sacred duty towards your mother: let every attention, let your whole conduct contribute to sooth her

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afflictions, and those of your grandmother. And you, my dear little Louise, do you, whom infancy exempts from a great deal of what you would have suffered, think frequently of your father's fate, and let it urge you to be attentive to your mother; let her want no consolation which it may be in your power to bestow. I am far, my dearest, best of friends, from forgetting your relations on this solemn occasion, and dread the consequences, for the health of your father, embrace him for my sake, as also your dear mother and sister. My dear sister, to your care I recommend my wife, animate her to bear her woes with patience and resignation; her children claim a right to her attention, and now dear wife, dear tenderest friend, I press you to my heart, adieu!"

Another of my acquaintance was Naville, a man distinguished for a warm heart, a brilliant imagination, indefatigable study, and the gift of eloquence: his days had been divided between the publick service and the blessings of domestick life; but disapproving altogether of the change of government which had taken place in February, ninety-four, he lived retired in the country and amused himself in the education of his children, and by experiments of agriculture. He was not a person to be overlooked upon the present occasion, and when dragged before the tribunal, where murder and robbery had assumed the sacred name of justice, he still retained that ascendancy, which nature and education had given him, he vindicated the measures of the administration which he had been a member of, he pointed out the future horrours of a guilty conscience to those who should condemn him, and passed a more fearful sentence upon his judges than the one he was compelled to listen to, "You will die," said he, "without daring to cast one look towards Heaven." Confiscation, plundering, and fines, went hand in hand with murder; for the promoters of these shocking scenes had felt from the first the necessity of keeping up the delusion of the people by idleness and dissipation, they had themselves shared the profits of the moment, and encouraged by their example a general departure from all decency and morality: money obtained by such unjust and barbarous means was not likely to be well husbanded, and the fact is, that at least three hundred pounds a day were for a short time expended in pay to the citizens in insurrection, in national festivals, and in supplying the wretches who acted as judges, with the materials of that almost continued intoxication, which kept them insensible to the dictates of justice, and deaf to the groans of their fellow-citizens: when I reflect upon the fatal change which took place as if by inchantment in Geneva, and placed an amiable, an industrious, and enlightened people at the mercy of a sanguinary banditti; when I recollect that this was brought about by the adoption of French principles, and by the cooperation of a French resident and carried on in imitation of the conduct pursued by the French government, I cannot but be grateful that Providence listened not to the prayers and wishes of perhaps two thirds of America, and of nearly all Virginia, which would have given victory to the fleet of Robespierre over that of England, and placed us at his mercy; for with the instruments he

might have set in motion, how could we in the south have resisted his displeasure? Judge by the fate of St. Domingo, of the scenes we should have been exposed to and of the fate that awaited us.

For The Port Folio.

POLITICAL.

With some disgraceful exceptions, at the commencement and during the hottest of the French Revolution, the Political and Literary Journals of the Continent, as well as in the Island of Great Britain, have been conducted with great ability. Mere mechanicks, beerhouse politicians, or infants, prattling about the rights of man, have never presumed, in *Europe*, to conduct THE PUBLICK VEHICLE OF INFORMA ION, a machine, which demands all the dexterity, all the versatility, and all the power of genius. For this arduous, laborious, ungrateful, and highly responsible service, talents of a superiour order have been always considered indispensable, by the *Judices Selecti*. Among the excellent papers from which even the literary pride of Edmund Burke did not disdain to borrow aid, when he was employed as the annalist of Europe, was the Leyden Gazette, which, for many years, was published under the very able direction of Mr. Luzac, a scholar, a philosopher, and a politician. The literary world has recently had occasion to deplore his loss, but his successour, of whose name and country we are ignorant, seems to follow him by no means with the step of the tottering Iulus. The new editor neither disgraces the well-earned reputation of the paper, nor the respectable name of Luzac. A few recent numbers of the *Journal Politique* are now before us, and, as the the modern French say, *we hasten* to publish a translation of certain state papers, which have been bandied about between the Burgomasters of Amsterdam, a *fief of regicide*, and one of the brothers of Bonaparte, who, in the grand masquerade at the last political carnival in the *Low* Countries, personates the part of a *King*. We will venture to affirm, that the eager curiosity of inquisitive Boyhood was never more delighted by a delicious peep into the show-box of a Savoyard than our *old-fashioned* and *well-principled* readers will be at this curious picture of Dutch degradation and Corsican insolence. This monstrous exhibition, the ill-favoured offspring of new-fangled conceptions of politicks will be viewed with the strongest emotions by every philosophical as well as political reader.

UTRECHT, 15th April. The arrival of His Majesty at Amsterdam, retarded almost two years, by numerous circumstances, and fixed for the second of this month, not having taken place, the city of Amsterdam asked permission to forward on its part, by deputies, an Address to the King, to entreat His Majesty not any longer to defer his arrival, and to accept the City Hotel of Amsterdam and declare it the *Palais Royal*, in order to secure to the Capital the advantage of being always the residence of the sovereign; an advantage to which it has an indisputable right. His Majesty having graciously acceeded to this request, a solemn* deputation, composed of the Burgomaster, &c. had the honour on *Sunday* last, to be presented to the king by his excellency, the minister of the interiour, and to address to his majesty the following discourse:

SIRE,

Admitted to the honour of appearing in your august presence, the deputies of your beloved and faithful Capital, seize with eagerness, the opportunity of renewing to your majesty in the most solemn manner, the expression of the sentiments of respect, love, and gratitude, which attaches them to your sacred person†.

Authorized by the Burgomaster, the *Wethouders* and *Vroedschap-*

* *Solemn* enough! to be under the necessity of yielding their rights and liberties in this servile manner. It is the *funeral* of their liberty.

† This is as *respectful* as any democrat could wish, and emanating from one of the hot-beds of liberty and equality, may be supposed *to approximate the acme of perfectability*.

pen,* and also by the entire magistracy, we come, SIRE, to beseech your majesty to consent to give the most magnificent edifice in the city, the most magnificent employment it can ever have†. We come, as interpreters of the sentiments of our countrymen, to offer your majesty the City Hotel, and to beg he may be pleased formally to accept and declare it the *Palais Royal*, and thus assure us that it shall hereafter, and forever,‡ have the honour of being the residence of the sovereign.

Placed at the head of our countrymen, we come to fulfil a duty very grateful to our hearts, in entreating your majesty to be persuaded that their most ardent prayers unite with ours, that it may please the Supreme Arbiter of our destiny to enable us long to enjoy the happiness of seeing your majesty among us, and of respecting and cherishing in him a king, who, since his elevation to the throne, has never ceased to love and protect us.

Yes, SIRE, we are firmly convinced that all that commerce suffers by the hard measures required by the situation of Europe; all that our city (of which commerce is the only support) suffers at this time, would be infinitely more painful, if the rigorous measures adopted by your majesty in the highest wisdom, had not in view the salutary object of avoiding greater evils; of concurring to bring back the common enemy to a more moderate system; and of at length insuring us a peace, stable, advantageous, and honourable, which alone can heal our wounds.

Assured of the paternal sentiments of which your majesty has given us so many proofs, we place, with entire confidence, our dearest interests, and those of our countrymen, in your hands, SIRE.*

The moment your majesty shall make his entry into Amsterdam, will be a moment of happiness and consolation for all, and particularly for us, SIRE! May your majesty, deigning to employ the zeal that animates us to execute his orders, be pleased to place us in a situation to contribute to bless his name, as that of a tender father, whose unceasing care constantly watches over the welfare of his children.

(Signed)

J. Wolters van de Poll, Burgomaster.
W. Van Brienen van de Groot-Lindt, Wethouder.
Wm. Willink, Wethouder.
Jan Van de Poll, Vroedschap.
T. A. Van Iddeginge, Vroedschap.
W. Rendorp, Vroedschap.*

The King replied in the following terms:

GENTLEMEN,

I have been sensible from the moment of my accession to the Crown, that the general interest imperiously required that your city should become my Capital;

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* His *French*-Corsican Majesty may not hope to pronounce these words; but, by turning over a *Dutch*-French dictionary, he may *learn* their signification.

† A federalist would take this to be *quizzing!* This comes with bad grace from *plain* Dutchmen.

‡ They seem to be unwilling again to run the *circle of Revolution*. It will be singular if *this stipulation* should bind their posterity, and preclude them the sacred rights of insurrection and rebellion.

* Perhaps these were once foremost democrats; now employed in the *honourable* business of begging and praying a foreigner to accept the Crown, and put an end to distresses brought upon themselves by themselves, but which they have not the ingenuity and talents to avert.

one of my first acts was to declare it such: I hoped that a maritime peace would enable me soon to put it in possession of the title I had given it, and which it shall always retain; unfortunately a General Peace appears to be still distant; my whole people suffer by the duration of the war; your city suffers the most; in this state of things I ought, and I wish, to be nearer its distresses and its wants. I shall no longer oppose the solicitations of my beloved city and the necessity of my being in its bosom.

Gentlemen, tell your countrymen that I am impressed with the pleasure they express to see me among them; that I willingly accept the offer they have requested you to make authentically in their name, but that I insist upon the condition that all the expense it may create shall be paid by the Crown, until some years of peace, and the re-establishment of the finances shall enable the publick treasury to build a new palace, and to restore that of the Hague given to the inheritance. I wish Amsterdam then to take back the palace, that it may become again the City Hotel: if your city does not possess a suitable one, worthy of my Capital, I shall cause one to be erected after the conclusion of peace*.

I wish you to make known to the minister of the interiour all the establishments and improvements which are essential. I hope my people see me with satisfaction. I wish my presence may be useful to them and never a burthen.

Gentlemen, I will prove to you the confidence I have in my beloved city and in you, to whom I have confided the government of it, by acquainting you with the motives that have delayed, and those that have accelerated my arrival in spite of the concern with which I behold the situation of commerce, of navigation, and of industry.

We cannot conceal from you, that a continual state of war renders the situation of this country critical in several respects; it has become daily more so, in consequence of the posture of European affairs, since the commencement of my reign. I have found you torn to pieces by faction, the principal and most destructive enemy of this country; abased for twenty years by numerous misfortunes; having during that epoch almost lost its independence and manifested in that space of time, longer by events than by years, symptoms of dissension, the condition of a conquered people, rather than the great character which appertained to their ancestors, and which might yet become theirs: under these circumstances, gentlemen, what hope of success can I have—a stranger to your language, your manners, and your affairs? I should have still resisted, and more happily withstood the force of events which give me a task so difficult to accomplish, if I had not had the consolatory expectation that the nation in general, and each individual in particular, would second my efforts; if I had not relied upon the entire confidence of the nation; if I had not hoped to view around me, in the most intimate union, all orders, classes, and conditions; in short, if I had not thought so well of an enlightened, brave, persevering, and loyal people as to believe that each person

* These disturbers of the world's repose, flatter us with the hope, that they will become quiet, and that we may expect peace some day. May it soon happen.

would consider the general interest as his first concern, which necessarily comprises that of the individual. Devoid of these sentiments could I have had the expectation of upholding this country, called to independence in a season of peril, after numerous changes and distresses? No. In order to surmount these obstacles, to elevate Holland to the rank assigned it by the virtues of your ancestors, their active and constant industry, their courage, and entire devotion to their country, I cannot dissemble, gentlemen, you must abandon that state of indecision, of stupor, of apathy, of distrust, of discouragement, which, if it is dangerous in times prosperous and calm, becomes grievous and fatal in other circumstances. Faithful to my declarations, I make, and I shall unceasingly make new efforts to avoid the worst evils, seeing that not anything now favours the execution of the plans I had formed to meliorate the condition of the country: Indeed, gentlemen, in a limited Monarchy, according to my idea, and as I wish it, if the King can discern and promote virtue and happiness, it is only when there is really a nation, a people; when the general is uniformly considered before the individual interest; when the most eminently distinguished men encompass, enlighten, support, and defend the throne. If this is true, a country in which the Prince is entirely isolated from his people must be soon lost. Is it not equally certain, that if every person alienates himself from the sovereign, when there should be a national, a publick spirit, all must perish still sooner: particularly when, whatever may be the issue of events, ages must pass away before the small states can be able to sustain themselves by the strength of right and equity alone, amid the clashing of more potent interests. The obligations of the Prince are indeed great; but those of the people are still greater: the former must expire with a brief and fragile life; the latter are as constant and durable as society itself, of which they are the chief bonds. Convinced of the truth of these observations, and knowing how ruinous and irreparable may be the least hindrance, the least deviation from the only system that can save the country, I wish to abridge delay as much as possible, and hasten to consolidate my government. I have always sufficiently esteemed and relied upon the inhabitants of my chief city to think they could greatly contribute to the success of my efforts for the welfare of the nation of which they constitute a very considerable part: my choice naturally falls upon it; when the Constitution of the country is no longer either Federal or Republican, when the change has become so great, I could wish the site of my Capital to be such, that it might become forever that of my successours; no city in the kingdom can be envious of seeing the Palaces of your Kings established within your walls: I wish to show the nation the importance I attach to commerce, and to the most commercial city in the kingdom; I wish to prove to it that I am acquainted with its true interests; I wish my successours may never think otherwise: I wish the inhabitants of the Capital to know that the title is not a vain name; that if, on my side, I assure them I shall greatly distinguish and do much for them, on theirs, they ought to set an example to the rest of the kingdom; they ought to manifest the sentiments the nation should possess and exhibit; they

ought constantly to be the most zealous and the most strenuous defenders of the throne. I could wish, as there is but one state, that there might be but one grand Capital.

In fine, I hope to find among you persons enow experienced in the different branches of government, that I may more easily and speedily effect establishments necessary to exalt and support the rank of the nation among the most enlightened and best constituted: which will require great and persevering efforts. I am aware of the magnitude and difficulty of my undertaking. Of course I calculate upon the aid of all enlightened, upright, and true friends to their country: I trust my confidence will prove well founded. Should it be otherwise the fault cannot be attributed to me, for all my time, all my thoughts, all my efforts are exclusively devoted to the interest and the affairs of the publick.

Thus, gentlemen, I shall soon be among you: I have spoken with the confidence those merit to whom I have entrusted the administration of my Capital; the fulfilment of my intentions; the inquiring into every practicable improvement; the causing my authority to be respected and cherished; the promoting of publick and private security, and a rigid execution of the laws. I do not doubt you will accomplish my designs, and that I shall be soon convinced of the good you have effected. Meantime, gentlemen, I receive with pleasure the sentiments you express. Tell your countrymen, that the attachment and approbation of the nation, and particularly of my beloved city, is the object of all my actions, and the sweetest recompense of all my efforts. I feel for their sufferings; I suffer more than they; I am occupied solely in endeavouring to diminish them: and when a general peace shall console the people and suffering humanity; when they shall have repaired their misfortunes and forgotten them, I shall still remember all the hardships experienced in the beginning of my reign.

From the Providence Gazette.

THE ADELPHIAD.

The literary world has lately been gratified by a new acquisition from the pen of James Montgomery. In a small volume of poems he has given us more than an equivalent for our money, and he who delights to amuse the *tedium vitæ* by a dalliance with the coy damsals of Parnassus, and neglects this opportunity, voluntarily foregoes an enjoyment which good fortune has thrown in his way. That strange and capricious thing, called genius, which has eluded so long the definitions of philosophers, may here be known by its *effects*. The muse of Montgomery first pours her tears over the fate of unhappy Switzerland, and then indulges herself in several freaks under the shade of the cypress tree. If an authour's page affords an evidence of his life (a position which the Rambler seems disposed to controvert) Montgomery is unhappy. The reader will find, throughout the whole volume, a tender melancholy prevailing, and not unfrequently deep touches of the pathetick. Thoughts widely distant are brought together with such facility of combination, that the reader will often involuntarily shut the volume, and contemplate in retrospect the wide extent his fancy has travelled over in two lines. For instance:

"Have you lost a friend or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?"

The poem entitled *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, begins with a beautiful abruptness, and the muse, before her pupil knows whither he is going, hurries him into the depths of desolation and gloom. After he has thus visited the scene of her incantations, he is wrought upon by a variety of conflicting passions, horrour, pity, admiration and despair, and is dismissed at last

with unavailing tears for the country where the muse has conducted him. There is a little coincidence between a passage of this poet, and Dr. Goldsmith's Traveller; where the same country is described; but in the hands of Montgomery its splendour remains untarnished:

"Dear is that hill to which his soul conforms,
And dear that rock that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to his mother's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

Goldsmith.

"Born in freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage;
Nurs'd at freedom's stormy breast,
Liv'd my sires from age to age."

Montgomery.

How solemn is this description of an Alpine-night!

"So when night, with rising shade,
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in *hoary gloom* array'd,
All the giant mountains sleep."

On the perusal of the following lines, every disciple of the muse feels a chill, as if the vital blood was for a moment suspended in his veins.—Let the reader bear in mind that he is now in the midst of a battle:

"On their country's dying bed
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a youth and maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death."

The scriptural passage, that "they shall beat their *swords* into *ploughshares*, and their spears into pruninghooks," meets a singular appropriation in this poem, which favours more of poetry than piety. The bard, speaking of a sword, exclaims,

"*This*, the weapon they did wield
On Mongarthen's dreadful day;
And through Simpack's iron field
This, the ploughshare of their way."

The happiness and tranquillity of the ancient Swiss are thus forcibly represented by one of the most endearing images in nature:

"There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest,
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast."

The following bold and expressive thought brings to the mind of every American the prospect of his own native Allegany:

"High o'er Underwald'en's vale,
Where the forests front the morn;
Where the boundless eye might sail,
O'er a sea of mountains borne."

A friend, much respected and beloved, has stated an objection to the measure of the verse, and conceives it incompetent, from its brevity, to express the grandeur of the subject. This objection is not confined to the verse, but embraces the whole plan which the authour has adopted. Horrour, consternation, despair, and in fact all the deep passions, are always expressed by short sentences: for the mind encompassed by such whirlwinds, has no time soberly to consult the whole measure of its miseries, and therefore gives vent to itself in broken, short, and interrupted accents of distress. Had the authour changed the plan of his poem, and given his readers an epick narrative of the events, *while he himself appeared to describe them*, this measure would have been undoubtedly improper. This, however, is not the case; personages themselves, the immediate sufferers, are made to utter their distress while under the utmost pressure of it, and they do it in a measure admirably adapted to agitated narration. It is unnecessary to justify by precedent, a principle that demands no precedent to justify it; or we might cite the first scene in Macbeth, where the "weird sisters" perform their incantations in the same measure. The reader, without one word more of comment, is left to judge for himself with what success that measure is apopted.

W.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

The following trial exhibits the capriciousness of the human character, in so striking a view, that if we had not found it on so grave a record, as in the proceedings of a court of law, we should have been induced to consider it as a romance.

SURRY ASSIZES.

GUILFORD, Aug. 9.

CROWN SIDE—*Before the Lord Chief Baron.*

CRIM. CON. AND BIGAMY.

Eleanor Whitford was indicted for that she at Gretna, in Scotland, inter-

married with John Whitford, on the 26th of November, 1801, and afterwards, at the parish of St Mary, Lambeth, in the county of Surry, on the 19th of May, 1806, feloniously intermarried with Robert Jacques James, her former husband being still alive.

This was a case which excited a considerable degree of interest, as it was understood to involve the legality of a Gretna Green marriage. The defendant was a young lady of handsome person and elegant manners, and her appearance at court excited considerable sympathy on her behalf in the spectators in court.

After she was arraigned, and had faintly uttered her plea of Not Guilty,

Mr. Curwood rose to address the Jury. He began by stating that the melancholy duty devolved upon him, which he assured the jury he executed with most painful sensations, to conduct the prosecution against the prisoner at the bar, for a crime, which if substantiated against her, degraded her from her rank in life, which the law had declared a felony, and which might subject her to be transported from her native country, an associate of the vilest and most profligate of mankind. The case which he had to lay before the jury was of a most extraordinary nature, and differed very far from the class of cases which usually presented themselves for the consideration of a Jury.

In general those who were arraigned for this crime were of the lowest orders of society, who had no knowledge of their moral duties, or of the consequences of deviating from them. Such was not the case of the prisoner at the bar; she had been well educated, and ought to have been refined to a better sense of her duties, and impressed with the importance of their observance. She was the daughter of a man of respectability, and of some importance in the town of Basingstoke, and in the year 1801 she was addressed by her husband, who solicited her hand in marriage. For what reason, the Learned Counsel said, he was not informed, but her father was averse to the match, and refused his consent; but the addresses of the young man were not disagreeable to her mother, and other parts of the lady's family; but it being found that no intreaty would soften the obduracy of her father, the young couple eloped to Scotland, and were there married according to the forms and ceremonies of the Scottish law. Upon their return they were reconciled to her father, and the husband commenced business as a linen-draper, at Southampton; at that time he was about twenty-five years of age, and the prisoner scarcely eighteen. They continued at Southampton until the year 1805, when business not succeeding, he was obliged to relinquish his situation and come to London. Here he certainly was obliged to live on a reduced scale. He obtained a situation as a managing man at a wholesale linen warehouse in the city, and took a small house for his wife at Kennington. They resided together in apparent comfort and happiness, he going out early to his business in the morning, and returning in the evening. They continued this course till about March last, when one evening, returning, he found that another bed was putting up in a spare room, and, upon inquiry, his wife told him that she had let this room to a most respectable old gentleman, who had taken the room to lodge with them. In the evening the new lodger made his appearance, he seemed above the age of sixty, and of most gentlemanly manners, and was therefore gladly received by the husband, as a welcome inmate. From such a man he could suspect no injury, and none but the most suspicious could have thought his wife in danger in such society. However, so it was, that after a very short time, he found his wife strangely altered in her behaviour towards him. She appeared disgusted with him, and miserable in herself. He intreated her to reveal the cause of her uneasiness, and then, no doubt to con-

ceal her own guilt, she affected to say, that his behaviour was unkind, and she had reason to suspect his fidelity. He endeavoured, by every soothing attention, and by increased kindness, to convince her that she had formed an erroneous opinion, and had apparently succeeded, for, on the 18th of April, when he left home they parted with marks of more than usual kindness: but it so happened, that being taken ill that day, he returned home much earlier than was customary. He found his wife from home, and on the mantle-piece was a letter addressed to him to the following purport:—"Sir, I have taken my own name of Miss Howard, and shall ever after disown that of Whitford, which I am fully satisfied I never was entitled to. I thank God for it, for I hold it in utter abhorrence."

Yes, said the learned counsel, no doubt she then held it in utter abhorrence. While she was pure and uncontaminated she held it not in abhorrence, but when she had deviated from the path of virtue, she no doubt abhorred the name of the man whom she had wounded by the most cruel of all injuries. She did not return home that night, but the next morning her husband received a message that she was at a neighbour's house, and desired to see him. He accordingly attended, and then she exhibited a gleam of remorse for her misconduct. When she saw her husband, she exclaimed, "Whitford, you cannot, will not forgive me." At that time he did not know the extent of his injury, but immediately she confessed that she had dishonoured his bed, and complained that James, their lodger, had seduced her from her duty. All she requested was, that her husband would restore her to her parents, which notwithstanding his injuries he promised he would do. Of short duration was her better resolve, and so true was it, that when the bounds of virtue was once transgressed, and the mind became familiarised with guilt, that it acted without remorse, what in its pure state it could not contemplate without horrour, for in a few weeks after this event she publickly married her hoary seducer, and for that act she now stood arraigned as a criminal at the bar of justice, to answer for the crime. The learned counsel concluded by stating, that he should call his witnesses to prove his case. The punishment, if she was found guilty, would be apportioned by the superiour wisdom of his lordship; but there remained yet this consolation for the unhappy woman at the bar, that she was tried before a judge, who always tempered judgment with mercy.

David Laing, the Gretna Green parson, was first called. He stated, that he performed the ceremony over the prisoner and her husband, in his way; that was, he read nothing but he said something off the tongue, and authorized them to cohabit together.

The Lord Chief Baron said, he would not admit this as a marriage. He asked him what he was. He replied a tobacconist. His lordship observed, that a fellow or two, like the witness, did these sort of things, but both himself and the parties were liable to punishment.

Mr. Curwood said the marriage was irregular; but that did not vitiate it, though it subjected the parties to punishment. He understood by the Scotch law, there were two species of marriages.

Lord Chief Baron.—"I cannot take your understanding of the law of Scotland; I must have it certified by the lord advocate, or one of the judges of the court. There is no doubt but a valid marriage in Scotland, or in China is valid any where; but the law of every foreign country must be certified. If you have any advocate of character I will receive his testimony."

Counsel.—Will your lordship permit the witness to give evidence of the law?

Lord Chief Baron.—No; certainly not. I will not receive the law of Scotland from a tobacconist.

The prisoner was accordingly acquitted for want of evidence.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Elegant Edition of BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES.

This work, in two editions, (8vo. and 12mo.) was commenced in June 1807, and prosecuted with success until the 17th of January, at which time the third volume was nearly completed.

On that day a fire, which began in an adjoining store, reached the printing office of the publishers, and consumed three fourths of the second 12mo. volume, the third volumes of both editions, and all the paper and other materials for the fourth volumes. The printing apparatus was also in a great measure lost: two presses having been burnt, two others materially injured; a great part of the types destroyed, and those which were saved, rendered imperfect and almost useless.

Thus have the publishers been deprived of a great proportion of this valuable work; and a new and elegant printing apparatus. A circumstance which adds peculiar weight to this calamity is, that owing to *another* recent and very heavy misfortune, they had been deprived of all their other property. The completion of this work, therefore, was their only remaining hope.

Under the pressure of these repeated misfortunes proposals are offered for the publication of the work. It is the only mode which remains to the publishers; and should this fail, the sheets which are not consumed will be more than lost, as they are pledged beyond their value for moneys already expended on the work.

The first volume is presented as a specimen; by which it will be perceived, that, while gratifying the better feelings of the heart in relieving the unfortunate, the subscribers will entitle themselves respectively to a valuable set of Books, accurately and elegantly printed, and cheaper than any other Law Book published in this country.

☞ Money in advance is not made a condition of this subscription; but the whole, or any part of the sum, will be highly acceptable to the publishers.

Portland, January, 1808.

GALLANT ACTION.

Gibraltar, May 24.

The following particulars of a most brilliant achievement performed by his majesty's frigate Sirius, captain Prowse, on the coast of Italy, have been received from an officer on board the frigate, and may be depended upon. We publish them without comments: no praise can heighten the merit which the bare unadorned account bespeaks in the gallant commander and his brave crew.

H. M. S. Sirius, April 26, 1808.

"On Thursday, April 17, we gained information from a vessel we boarded at sea, that a French national squadron, consisting of one ship, three brigs, one bombard, and five heavy gun vessels had sailed, that morning, from Civita-Vechia for Naples. We immediately made all sail in chase of them, and at four o'clock, had the pleasure of seeing them from our mast head, and cleared ship for action; at six o'clock saw them very plain from our deck, under easy sail, and apparently determined to wait our attack; at half-past six they hove to, and at seven we commenced action on both sides within pistol shot; at eight observed several of the enemy's vessels much damaged, and running in for the land, we still in close action with the ship and three brigs; at a quarter past nine, the ship ceased firing, and hailed us to say she had struck. I am sorry that we could not take possession of some other vessels, the night being so very

dark, and our ship crippled and close to the land. However, we have given them something to remember us. The ship is la Bergere, and now with us at Malta. They mounted in the whole ninety-three guns, and six hundred and sixty-one men, which you will see by the list of them I send you. I can assure you we found enough to do with the whole of them —for the water was so smooth that all their guns told: and for a frigate, like the Sirius of thirty-six guns, and only two hundred and sixty men, to have ninety-three guns, and six hundred and sixty-one men against her, it was serious indeed. Captain Prowse has lost his nephew (Mr. Adair) a very fine young man; his brother was killed on board the Victory with lord Nelson; he was captain of the marines. I am sorry to say that we had nine killed and twenty wounded."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE TOOTH-ACH.

A Man there was, who Fortune's blessings quaff'd,
And sure he had no reason to complain,
Had not Dame Nature, as she view'd the draught,
Made his poor teeth too sensible of pain

Sometimes it would the form of grandeur take,
Swelling his cheeks to a majestick size;
And oft it would assume a meaner make,
And like a bruiser close up both his eyes.

In short, in every shape that tooth-ach owns,
He luckless felt and knew it still the same,
And midst a useless burst of speaking groans,
He tried all recipes that art could name;
Had stew'd his chops in vinegar and ginger;
With mustard blister'd them, the pain to check;
And when provok'd by too severe a twinger,
He ate red-hot wild turnips by the peck.

Galen had call'd, and Esculapius too,
To try their mental and their manual force;
But nought avail'd which they could say or do;
They broke the teeth, and left the sufferer worse.

To time and patience then was left the cure,
Whose motions, though but slow, are always sure.

One day this man, entirely free from pain,
Rambling on horseback o'er a neighbouring hill,
Fancied he heard in accents wild and shrill,
The voice of anguish flit across the plain.

He thought he guess'd the cause—with eager haste
He spurr'd his courser to a gallop's speed;
And as o'er fence and wall the sound he chas'd,
Soon gain'd the house from whence it did proceed.

There, as he stopp'd, a woman he espied,
Whose wailings added to the general clatter;
So, springing from his horse, he breathless cried,
La! help us—say, good woman what's the matter?

My son (she cried) by a most dreadful fall
Has broke his leg—no comfort can the youth take.
Poh! said the man (remounting) is that all,
I really thought the fellow had the TOOTH-ACH!

THE CONCEITED FLY.

'Twas in the charming month of May,
(No matter, critick, for the day)
When Phœbus had his noon attain'd,
And in his blaze of glory reign'd,
A FLY, as gay as e'er was seen,
Clad o'er in azure, jet and green,
Gay, for his part, as birthday beau,
Whose soul is vanish'd into show,
On PAUL'S fam'd temple chanc'd to light,
To ease his long, laborious flight.
There, as his opticks gaz'd around,
An inch or two their utmost bound,
He thus began:—"Men vainly tell
How they in works of skill excel:
This edifice they proudly show,
To prove what human art can do.
'Tis all a cheat—before my eyes
What infinite disorders rise!
Here hideous cavities appear,

And broken precipices *there:*
They never us'd the plane or line,
But jumbled heaps without design."

He ceas'd contemptuous; and, as FLIES
Discern with microscopick eyes,
From what he saw he reason'd right;
But how inadequate his sight
To mark the building from its base,
The pillar-pomp the sculptur'd grace,
The dome, the cross, the golden ball,
Much less the grand result of all!

So impious WITS, with proud disdain,
REDEMPTION's hidden ways arraign,
Deem it beneath a BEING wise;
And judging with their insect eyes,
View but a part, and then deny
Th' ETERNAL WISDOM of the sky.

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Lucan's Works I never saw, but a little volume of Flores Poetarum some time ago fell into my hands, in which, among other exquisite morsels, I met with a passage, or rather a little poem, from that authour, (for I suppose it to be an entire composition, by way of epigram, upon some *old man* of Verona) which pleased me so much that I attempted an imitation of it. If you should think it worthy of a place in your very respectable Miscellany, the writer, to be sure, would be gratified; and he flatters himself that he shall have some credit, at least with your classical readers, for introducing the original to their notice.

M. L.

Felix, qui propriis aevum transegit in arvis,
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem;
Qui bacculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,
Unius numerat secula longa casae.
Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas,
Nec freta mercator timuit, non classica miles,
Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
Indocilis rerum, vicinae nescius urbis,
Aspectu fruitur liberiore poli;
Frugibus alternis, non consule computat annum
Autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
Idem condit ager solem, idemque reducit,
Metiturque suo —— orbe diem;
Ingentemque meminit parvo qui gramine quercum,
Aequaevumque videt consenuisse nemus

IMITATED.

Happy the man, who, satisfied at home,
From his own dwelling never learnt to roam,
And bending now with age, on the same floor
Of native earth, on which he crawl'd of yore,
Marks with his staff, a calculation rude,
And tells the years his rural cot hath stood.
He with no rage of rambling folly curst,
E'er toil'd at barb'rous streams to slake his thirst,
For love of gain ne'er plough'd the wintry wave,
Nor risk'd his life among the madly brave.
The bar he ne'er frequented, for he thought
That right by wrangling was too dearly bought.
Heedless of bustling life, e'en the next town,
With all its wealth and vice, to him is still unknown.

Looks he abroad? The scenery of the sky
An unbought pleasure offers to his eye:
By crops alternate, not by calendars,
He measures time, and ascertains the years.
In mellow fruits the fall is manifest,
Gay flow'rs the spring sufficiently attest,
And even the hours he practically knows,
Assign'd to food, to labour, or repose.
To him his fields appear to occupy
Th' extent of day, and meet the bending sky.
Proportion'd to his wish, his little round
He scans with joy, nor craves a larger bound;
Of things remote incurious, and at ease,
Repos'd beneath contemporary trees,
Fondly compares their period with his own,
Together young—together aged grown.

For The Port Folio.

The ensuing lines composed on the writer's eighteenth birthday, (November 5th. 1807). and referring to some incidents of his life, have been published in the Luzerne Federalist, (Wilkesbarre). One line of the last verse was omitted at the Press; for which reason, as well as to see it preserved in a favourite Miscellany, it is offered to The Port Folio, by one of the Editor's many admirers.

Coronation of Love.

In the vale of the south all verdant and gay,
Delightful as Love, and as fair to behold,
In the Hall of her Temple, the Goddess of May,
Reared her altar of crimson, green, velvet, and gold.
There flowers festooning, light, waving, and blooming,
The valleys perfuming, around her they bring;
Here richly parading, there wantonly braiding,
Adorning, and shading, the palace of *Spring*.
The lords of the forest had gathered around
The high-born magnolia, palm, cedar and pine,
For the canopy evergreen laurels were found,
And the columns were graced with the promising vine:
There the far-foreign flowers were brought by the Hours,
In vestments and bowers by nymphs to be wove:
The birds all enfolden, in white, blue, and golden,
All wing for beholding the Crowning of *Love*.
On the throne of enchantment the young angel stands,
Spring-brought; with her virgins luxuriant and fair,
A garland enwoven by beautiful hands,
Buds and blossoms united, with true lover's hair.
The daughters of Flora, the rose in its glory,
The lily so snowy, from garden and grove,
Their beauties all lending, combining and blending,
Rejoiced in attending the crowning of *Love*.
Summer came with her halo; she blushed, and she smiled,
And *Autumn* her gold-headed branches did bring;
But lo! desolation; all howling and wild,
Winter marched with his storms through the palace of *Spring*
Wild, wild, and unsparing, with meteor eye glaring,
The wide valley baring, he came in his wrath,
Exultingly viewing winds wasting and strewing,
Loudly roared on the ruin the King of the North.

CARLOS.

From Hafiz, Gazel 1.

In my bosom the Loves and the Roses combine,
Light and glad is my heart in the banquet of wine:
My beloved surrenders the blessings I crave,
And the monarch of nations this day is my slave!

Boy, listen! no flambeau, no high chandelier
Do we ask to illume the assembly of love,
For the moon of the cheeks of my angel is here,
And her eyes in their splendour and majesty move.

In the chamber of dalliance burn no perfumes,
No spices shall smoke in the banquetting rooms;
For, O! can the musk or the spices compare
With the odours embalm'd in my fav'rite's hair.

Speak not of the savours of some foreign land,
Of sugars, of honey, or even of wine;
For the lips of my love are more luscious and bland,
And sweeter, still sweeter, when press'd unto mine.

I list to the flute and the harp in its song!
Thy voice is by far more enchanting than those;
I look on the wine as it passes along,
But thy sweetness excels both the wine and the rose.

Seat not thyself, Hafiz, but on thy love's seat;
Be the wine in thy cup, let the nightingales sing:
'Tis the season of roses and jessamines sweet,
Drink, kiss and be gay—'tis the banquet of spring.

CARLOS.

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